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## Charivaria

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is planning a film about Dictators. In some quarters it is thought that he should begin production without delay before the subject loses its topicality.

"How is it that HITLER always seems to know Britain's plans for defence?" asks a newspaper reader. He must have been snooping round unattended cars in Whitehall.

### These Troublous Times

"Turning to international affairs, he said among the things that had to be faced during the coming year was the expense of a new boiler. They always had their church well lighted and well heated, thanks to the verger."—*Local Paper*.

An M.P. says that the Minister of Supply will be able to produce everything necessary. Including a couple of Cup Final tickets?

A New South Wales pipe-major claims that he can charm fish with his bag-pipes. Mackerel, of course.

Prisoners in a gaol recently indulged in part-singing under the leadership of a visiting judge. We presume they all took their time from him?

### Court News

"Lord Rannoch, in Athol, has this week been completely frozen over, for the third time this winter, a circumstance never before remembered to have happened in April."—*"A Hundred Years Ago" Feature in Sunday Paper*.

A member of the audience at a recent performance of a popular comedy laughed so long and loudly that he was requested to leave. He explained that he had just thought of something funny.

### The Spirit of Service

"CIVILIAN BILLETING.—Retired house-proud couple, living own lives, dread being compelled to house London fugitives. Selling £1,500 home. Wish to rent self-contained unfurnished suite... Anywhere West or South from Guildford. Near golf and country town."—*Advt. in "Daily Telegraph"*.

"It is well known that gin has a depressing effect," says a writer. We learn that a gloomy bar-tender has produced a Crisis Cocktail—a large gin and jitters.

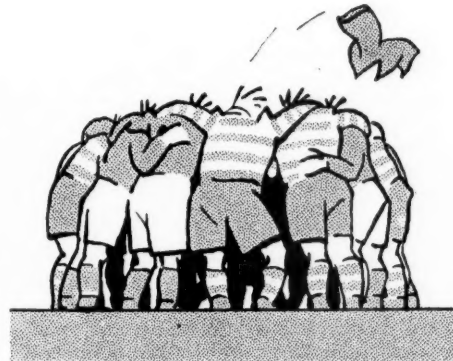
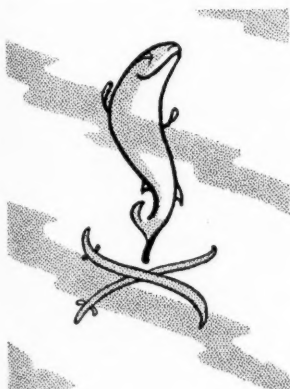
A new fair-ground amusement gives the illusion of dropping from an airplane in a barrel. Another way is to interview your bank manager.

An American confidence-trickster says in his life-story that he was always most successful in England. He thinks our police are wonderfully simple.

### More Warmongering

"The Irish Army is to be strengthened immediately by the addition of several men."—*Irish Paper*.

At the conclusion of a football match the referee was surrounded by a threatening crowd. He made a protest against this policy of encirclement.





*"How on earth do you expect to get through the Common Entrance examination in 1949?"*

## Civil Air Guard

### III.—Drill

**I**F it is difficult to see a number of human beings collected together for any purpose without wishing to put them into uniform, it is impossible to see them in uniform without being impelled to drill them and then to justify this act by having them inspected by Somebody Important. In the Civil Air Guard we realise that this is just human nature, and as soon as our uniforms were issued we knew that an inspection was sooner or later inevitable.

We are now accordingly lined up on the tarmac outside the hangar waiting to begin our first drill—Gentleman Air-Guards and Lady Air-Guards, all in our uniforms and neatly arranged according to size. There is, however, a certain contrast in the attitudes of the sexes. The Lady Guards all look earnest and rather noble, like the ninety-nine just persons, and it is clear that they are about to co-operate with the Instructor in every possible way. We Gentleman Guards, on the other hand, look shy and a little resentful, as if we were being invited to exhibit ourselves at the Zoo. Our younger female relatives have not troubled to conceal their opinion that our uniforms make us look rather funny anyway.

Facing us stands our Instructor. He also is wearing uniform, but he is a professional and he thinks nothing of it. Before proceeding to drill us our Instructor decides to encourage us and awake our ambition. He says that the Important Person who is to inspect us has already a very high opinion of the Civil Air Guard. He thinks it is a Fine Show and that the fellows in it are Fine Fellows. But—and here the Instructor pauses significantly—he is an

ex-officer of the Guards and when he thinks of drill he thinks of Changing the Guard at Buckingham Palace. It is up to us, therefore, to retain his good opinion by drilling as much like the Guards as we can.

This little speech has the desired effect. We are pleased to have the good opinion of so important a person as the Important Person. Encouraging ourselves by the thought that we are unobserved we assume stern and military expressions, and by straightening our bodies we grow simultaneously an inch taller. The Lady Guards, who have had the right expression from the beginning, continue to have the right expression.

Our Instructor, in the persuasive tones of one who expounds something both praiseworthy and delightful, now explains the method of numbering off from the right and forming fours, but as we listen we become uneasily aware of the fact that we are no longer unobserved. Behind the Instructor at a little distance is the aerodrome fence and beyond the fence a row of houses. During the earlier part of the proceedings this fence, except for the presence of one small boy, had been deserted. But now we see with horror that this small boy has not only attracted other small boys, but little girls, mothers, aunts and even, since it is Sunday morning, fathers of families, dressed comfortably in their shirt-sleeves and smoking leisurely pipes. This audience, whose numbers momentarily increase, observe us with the unhurried and tolerant pleasure of persons who are being treated to an amateur circus. The small boys and little girls stare at us with solemn concentration, the mothers

and aunts chat with their neighbours, while the fathers of families lean easily on the fence and inspect us with the indulgence extended by the experienced to the well-meaning but unskilled.

The Lady Guards are quite unmoved by this unsolicited publicity. They have come to drill and the irrelevant presence of an audience has no effect upon their determination. The effect upon the Gentleman Guards, however, is devastating. Our moral, so readily built up by the encouraging words of our Instructor, proves to be as readily undermined. The military expressions leave our faces. We become bashful and degraded, and the soldierly inch dwindles from our stature. On the command of the Instructor we come uncertainly to attention. We number off from the right, but, in contrast to the clear and precise voices of the undaunted Lady Guards, our tones are the private and discreet mutters of a congregation saying the Responses in church. So unconvincing, indeed, are our words that they fail to impress even ourselves, and when we

come to form fours many of us have already forgotten our numbers.

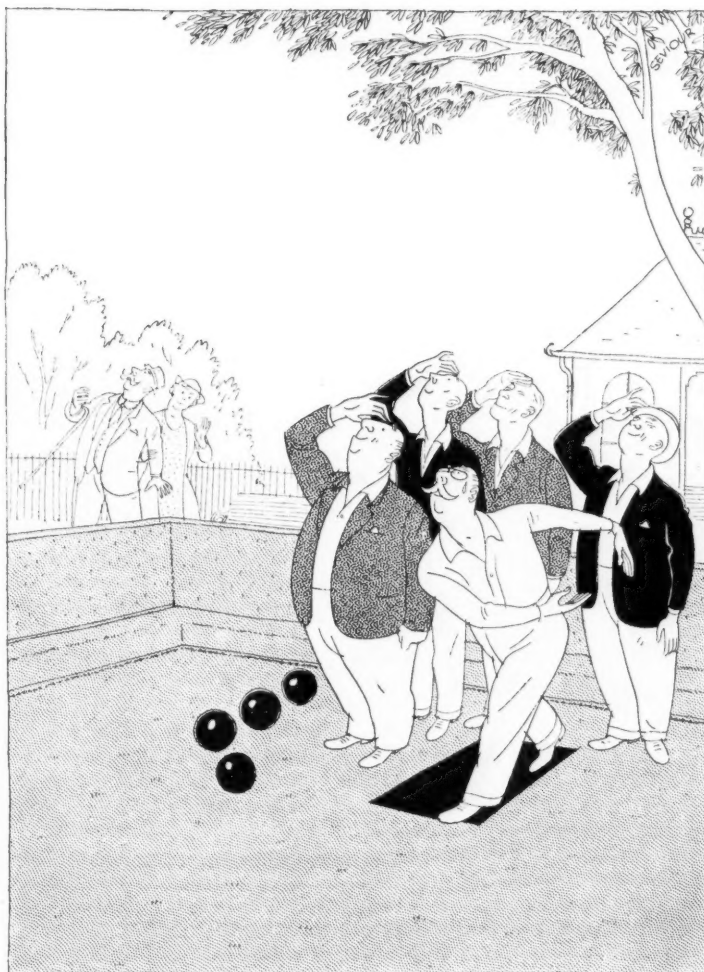
Our Instructor is patient but disappointed. Urging us to speak up, he orders us to number again. He then suggests that to help us attain uniformity of movement we should accompany the act of forming fours by uttering aloud the words "One—one-two." But this we cannot do. We look at the small boys and the little girls. Our gaze falters before the mothers and the aunts, and before the fathers of families our eyes drop in shame. Our tongues cleave helplessly to the roofs of our mouths, and when we come to form fours it is female voices only that utter the helpful words. Our Instructor is exasperated. The reason for our coyness is hidden from him and he thinks we are wicked and obstinate.

"For heaven's sake, gentlemen," he says in despair, "what's come over you all! Surely it's easy enough to say 'One—one-two'? Why, you couldn't do it worse if you had a crowd watching you!"

### *The Splendid Salesman and the Heavily-Built Gentleman*

A SPLENDID Salesman, whose financial liabilities were only a secondary consideration, returned one day to his office and found awaiting him a Heavily-built Gentleman who presented him with a card. The Splendid Salesman immediately pounced upon his visitor and, opening a cupboard, overwhelmed him with a stupendous selection of samples which he pressed upon him with such power of persuasion that the Heavily-built Gentleman was positively hypnotised. The Heavily-built Gentleman literally could not get in a word edgewise, and the Splendid Salesman succeeded in disposing very profitably of a substantial parcel of assorted merchandise. The Splendid Salesman suggested that the Heavily-built Gentleman, being unknown to him, could have no objection to paying spot cash in respect of this first transaction, and the personal magnetism which he brought to bear at this crucial stage in the proceedings proved to be of such compelling intensity that the Heavily-built Gentleman obediently obliged with the necessary and walked out of the Splendid Salesman's office in a trance with the parcel under his arm. It was only afterwards that the Splendid Salesman happened to glance at the Heavily-built Gentleman's card and gathered that his actual mission in life was the collection of overdue debts.

*Moral: SALESMANSHIP OVERCOMETH ALL THINGS.*



"Nice shot, Pentworthy—nice shot!"

## "The Anchor"

"THE Anchor Inn" lies only three fields from the road.  
A carter set us on our way  
Among the thistles and the hay,  
But it seemed long before the roof-tops showed,  
Slanting at ease  
Upon a cloud of trees.

The innkeeper was old. He lived there quite alone.  
Sometimes a labourer came  
To drink a pint or play a game  
Of darts, but mostly he was on his own.  
He did not care  
To have folk staying there.

He said we should do better at "The Swan Hotel,"  
That was where the gentry fished—  
A bus would take us if we wished.  
We asked for one night's lodging. His face fell,  
He shook his head.  
Some other time, he said.

We had to go. We could not penetrate his wall  
Of secrets. He sat on a seat  
Slyly savouring our defeat.  
Beyond the house we heard a heron call.  
One could not wish  
A better place to fish.

We turned and saw the old man ambling down the bank.  
We heard the rattle of a boat,  
We saw the rod-tip and the float,  
A red-flowered reed that bent and bobbed and sank  
And then was gone.  
Sighing, we sought "The Swan." O. D.

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## Letter Written in the Proposed Finsbury Deep Air-Raid Shelter

DEAR PERCY,—I want to let off steam. Do you mind?

We've all been getting a bit sick lately, I suppose, of being bullied and abused and frightened out of our wits by these here something dictators. Three years we've had of it now, one way and another, and my nerves have gone. I tremble like a leaf at the sight of a newspaper. Sometimes when I've gone to bed after hearing that Italy has sent more troops to the Dodecanese I haven't had a wink of sleep all night. And the other day, reading of a threat to Tangier, I went as white as a sheet and got a kind of spasmodic twitching of the face (a tick, I believe they call it) which lasted for half-an-hour. I looked so queer that my friends brought me an article from a Sunday paper about the inefficiency of the German Air Force; apparently their propellers are all made of compressed vegetable matter and fall to pieces after four hours in the air. That did me a lot of good; but it was a bad spell while it lasted. Mind you, I don't know really where Tangier is, but I'm not so out of touch with realities as not to know that its occupation by an enemy power would mean that Gibraltar would fall, Malta and Cyprus become untenable, the Mediterranean be closed to British shipping and the

Foreign Ministers of Roumania, Greece, Turkey and Bulgaria have no option but to go to Berlin and signify their assent in the usual manner. I needn't tell you what that would lead to. Russia would hasten to sign a neutrality pact with Hitler, Poland would cave in, and Britain and France would be left without a friend in Europe.

We should be compelled to rely entirely upon the Anderson Air-Raid Hutch.

Well, I've had about enough of this. What really brought me to the boil was a little item I saw in an evening paper the other day. It said that the Spanish Minister of the Interior had assured the Governor of Gibraltar or someone that the concentration of troops in the neighbourhood of the Rock implied no threat of attack; Spain, in fact, had no immediate intention of going to war with Great Britain. And I heaved a sigh of relief. In common, I dare say, with millions of other hardy Britons, I laid my paper down and said, "Well, thank goodness for that, anyway!" Have you considered the implications of that? I have. The greatest Empire the world has ever known (the phrase is not my own) congratulating itself on the news that it is not about to be attacked by Spain! Well, well, well.

I may be wrong but it seems to me that this is about as far as we can go. We have grown used to hiding our heads beneath the blankets at the mention of Italy's name. The long list of her triumphs—her victory over the armed might of Abyssinia, her glorious exploits in Spain, her heroic defence of Albania against King Zog and his war-like Queen—these have taught us that Fascist Italy is a Power before which the strongest would do well to bow the knee. And her Navy! Those solemn lists, setting out to prove that the British Fleet (with, of course, the French) ought to be able to hold its own against the combined strength of the German and Italian navies, do not deceive us. We know that their vast flotillas of submarines and motor torpedo-boats would send all our capital ships to the bottom within twenty-four hours of war being declared—twenty-four hours before, I mean, not after. We know that, as certainly as we know that after the first air-raid on London only the German Embassy buildings would be left standing.

Still, I do feel that an attitude of complete subservience to Franco would be injurious to our prestige in China and elsewhere.

So I am going to take up a strong attitude and become quite fiery and Palmerstonian. In fact I can feel the change already; I'm beginning to go red in the face and the veins in my forehead are swelling. One of these mornings I shall wake up with a stiff white moustache and a hob-nailed liver and call loudly for curry. You see if I don't.

Meanwhile I warn the decadent totalitarian countries that if a single British possession in the Mediterranean is so much as shelled or put to the sword I shall call such a conference of the peace-loving nations as will put on record for all time the world's abhorrence of tactics which can only be calculated to prejudice, if not definitely invalidate the maintenance of the *status quo*.

H. F. E.

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### Defeatist Attitude

"There's many an aching back stands between a man and his future."—*Speaker at a Fitness Campaign meeting.*

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### This Week's Non-Sequitur

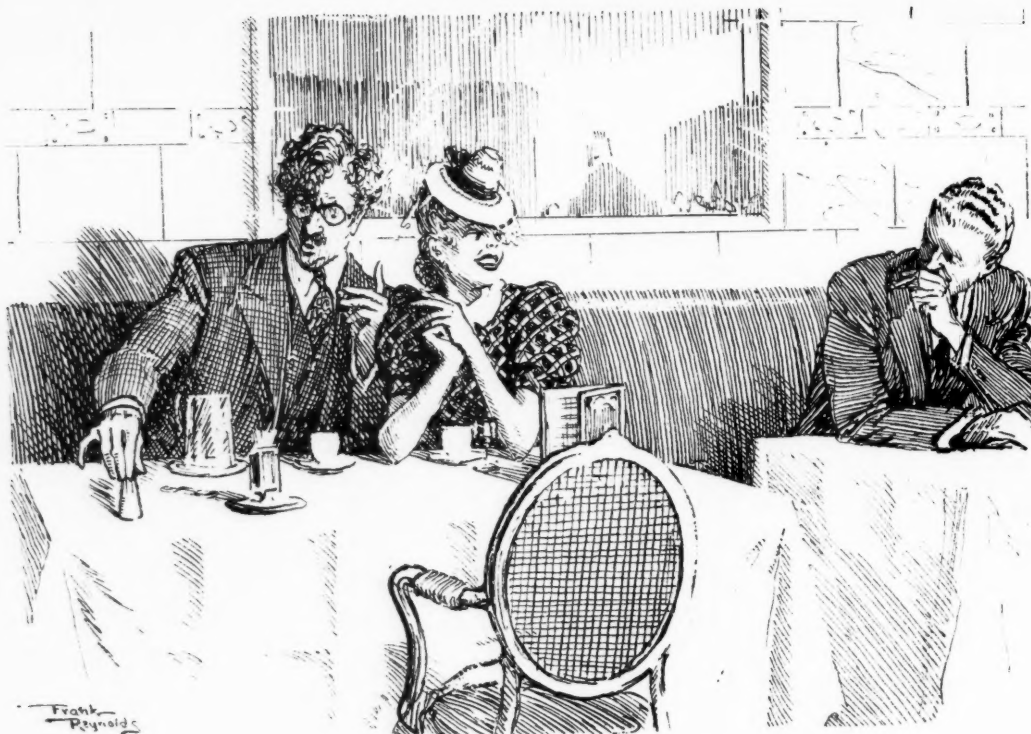
"President Roosevelt appeals to sanity and reason. He addresses himself directly to the two Dictators."—*Sunday Chronicle.*





# OUTFIT FOR ST. GEORGE

"And what about this, Sire?"



*"Now let us suppose that this is the Carpathian watersbed."*

### Grand Occasion

**H**ERE we are, darling. Isn't this all too lovely for words!"

"My dear, heaven! How's your tiara? Agony?"

"Complete agony. How's yours?"

"Perfect torture."

"I think we ought to be getting to our seats. Can you move at all?"

"I don't think so but I'll try. What's that noise—was it cheering?"

"No—only my frock tearing."

"Good, then they haven't arrived yet."

"Where's Diana? Has anyone seen Diana?"

"I heard her say she was going to the Ladies Cloaks to give her tiara a rest."

"I'm not surprised. She looked as white as a sheet at dinner."

"Oh, there's Myrtle. Darling, I adore your frock! Is it as uncomfortable as it looks?"

"Infinitely worse, my dear; I can't sit down at all."

"I can just manage if I sort of crouch sideways."

"What fun it all is!"

"I couldn't enjoy it more . . ."

"We simply must get past. What about prodding that tall man in front?"

"Darling, I can't; it's my ex-husband."

"Isn't that Lady Fordingbridge in that box? I thought she had flu?"

"She has, but she simply couldn't resist coming to-night. She adores it all so much."

"Who wouldn't? Hullo, she's fainted . . ."

"I'm certain that woman over there is taking notes of my dress. If you don't mind, darling, I'm going to stand sideways till she's finished. It's my best line."

"They've arrived."

"How do you know?"

"I heard someone say they'd arrived."

"I'm positive they haven't."

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely."

"Why?"

"I heard somebody say they hadn't."

"Aren't you enjoying every moment of this?"

"Revelling in it. What are you going to do for the week-end?"

"Personally, I'm going to bed."

"It's the only hope, my dear . . ."

"I'm so sorry, could I pass? I'm so sorry, could I pass? I'm so sorry, could I pass? . . ."

"How lovely your tiara is! Is it an ache-er?"

"Is it a what?"

"Is it an ache-er or a pincher?"

"Oh, I see what you mean. I thought you were talking about its size."

"Here are our seats. Shall we be able to see anything, do you think?"

"I can see a bit of the decorations on the Royal Box beautifully."

"Can you really? What luck!"

"Hullo, there are Fred and Enid. Hullo, darling, isn't this all enchanting?"

"Absolutely perfect. How's your tiara?"

"Exercruciating. What about yours?"

"The Inquisition isn't in it, my dear . . ."

M. D.

## Zigzagery

**H**EAVENS! To think that we should be back at the same old doings! Nearly twenty-five years ago, in late 1914, we sat about "H.M.S. Crystal Palace" in bell-bottomed trousers and mugged up the Morse and semaphore codes. Then we went forth on to Streatham Common and strenuously semaphored from copse to copse. Sitting in tea-shops with our *fiancée*, we practised Morse with tea-spoons on tinkling tea-cups. Even during our three days' honeymoon, as we have been reminded, we communicated many tender thoughts by these unromantic means.

And now we are at it again. So civilisation marches on. Many others, we feel, should be at it too. For many, old and young, who would be no good with a bomb or bayonet could acquire with patience some elementary knowledge of signalling, and with practice might become most useful. For in the next "emergency" one of the grim possibilities is the breakdown of our delicate communications; and few of us realise how "spoilt" we are with our telephones and telegrams and tubes, etc. Even the B.B.C., we imagine, is not invulnerable; and one day we may find ourselves reduced to the good old technique of lighting bonfires on the hill-tops. In those days it might be very helpful if in every neighbourhood there were a number of citizens who could man an improvised signal service; and indeed it might be worth while to think it out now. At last the Boy Scouts, who semaphore so well, will be able to utilise their skill. Anyhow, boys and girls, if you can do nothing else, learn semaphore, which is absurdly easy to learn, though reading it is another matter.

Morse is more difficult. We have forgotten our Morse about fifty times. (Let us, by the way, pay a tribute to the admirable SAMUEL FINLAY BREEZE MORSE (1791-1872), inventor of the telegraphic system.)

The jolliest way to learn the Morse Code, my children, is to attach a reminding word or words to each signal group. These words should (a) begin with the appropriate letter and (b) have the same sequence of shorts and longs, or dots and dashes.

Thus "A" is represented by a short and a long, or a dot and a dash:

and you might call that "älöng."

You can call it what you like so long as it assists you; and it is fun to compose your own memorial apparatus.

But we will generously give you ours—indeed, if they wish, we will present it to His Majesty's signal services.

We begin with:—

A — . "A cow  
B — . . . Bestially  
C — . — . Chased me, Charlie."

You see the idea? Believe it or not, when we wish to put "C" into Morse we remember "Chāse mē, Chārlie," and all is easy.

Charlie replies:

D — . . "Damnably,  
E . . . Em!"

For that is his young woman's name. "Em" is not very good, we admit: indeed, it is not very *short*. But it is the best we can do, and "E" is easily remembered, anyway.

F — . — . "Filibuster!"

cries Charlie indignantly; and also

G — . — . "Görblimēy!  
H — . . . Hönöuräblē,  
I . . . Is it?"

Little Em now answers:

J — . — — "Jöhānnisbērg!  
K — . — . Kiss me quick!"

Nor is "Johannisberg" a wholly satisfactory remark; but here our task is extraordinarily difficult. You must take it that "Johannisberg!" is an old family oath in Em's family.

And now, refreshed by Charlie's embraces, she takes up the tale of the brutal cow again:

L — . — . "Lämēntäblē,\*  
M — . . . Moo-moo,  
N — . . . Nasty  
O — . — — Old cow, died."  
P — . — .

\* Or "Linoleum."

"P," too, is disquietingly difficult and our best effort so far is

P — . — . Paroxysmal.

Then we pass to a general reflection on the breed of cows:

Q — . — . "Quēer quādrūpēds!  
R — . . . Rēdūndānt!"

or, if you like,

"Remove her."

Now the tale tends to dwindle away. The best we can do for "S" (three shorts) is

S . . . Sesame, or  
Saturday, or  
Sicily, or  
Saracen, or  
Solomon.

But we must remember that "S" is an important element in "S. O. S.," and we do not feel that

Saturday Old cow died Saturday  
is sufficiently dramatic for that occasion. Better, perhaps, would be Step on it! O come soon! Stēp ōn it!  
or

Slugabed! O come soon! Succour us!—though "succe," we agree, is not really short enough.

The difficult remainder of our alphabet contributes but a few unconnected though rather charming thoughts. Thus:

U — . — . Unabashed  
V — . — .

Now then, foolish reader, tell me—what would you do for "V"? You haven't a single suggestion? Well, then

V — . — . Vičār ōf Brāy.

Ha! Good, isn't it?

And, finishing, we become frankly frivolous.

W — . — . Whāt ōh, bōys!  
X — . — . X-eter Town  
Y — . — . Yoicks! away, boys!

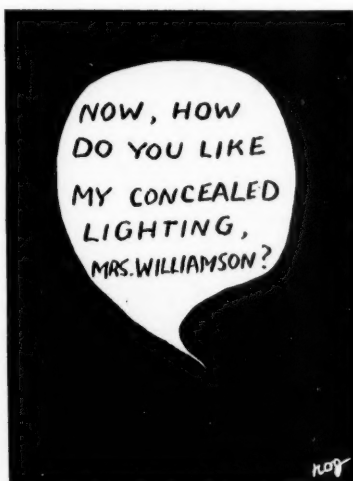
And "Z"—

Z — . — .

What about "Z"? Two longs, two shorts—beginning with "Z." Ticklish, you must admit. Well, we shall now introduce you to a delightful word (to be found, by the way, in the *O.E.D.*):

Z — . — . Zigzagery

Which means "zigzag course or proceeding," used by STERNE in 1760 and by *The Pall Mall Gazette* in 1885: "The zigzagery of the English Foreign Office." A. P. H.



## The Row



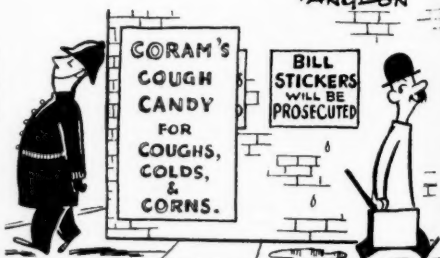
THE extreme outpost of the Gampford empire is the cluster of brand-new houses which have been built along the Banstead Lane. There town and country meet. Our Maginot line, you might say, is the bridge which crosses the Banstead beck. To the south of it the new houses form the last link with civilisation, centres of light and learning where drama and the arts are freely discussed, where new enterprises like the Conversation Society and the Lunch Club are constantly being born, and where life goes with a swing. To the north of it the lane winds its way past the Banstead Hall estate, home of Sir Joseph Ingledrop, M.F.H. of the Banstead, and ultimately reaches Banstead village, where life doesn't seem to go at all. What people do with themselves all day to the north of the Maginot line is a subject for frequent speculation among those on the south. And what, above all, does Sir Joseph Ingledrop do with himself? Country life has many mysteries but none so deep as this. The general attitude of the outpost of Gampford towards the countryside is one of curiosity coupled with vague hostility.

But the curiosity is not shared by Mr. Dewhurst, the mill-owner, whose house is the very farthest-flung point of the Gampford empire. He has a brother who lives in the country and he knows. Life in the country, he says, is organised with only one end in view—the extraction of money from the unsuspecting townspeople who come to live there. Once come to terms with the country, he says, and the demands for subscriptions to the men's club, the Women's Institute, the Drama League, the village fête, the cricket club, the wire fund, the poultry fund and all sorts of other funds which the casual visitor to the country would never believe could exist. His brother, he

says, reckons it costs him two guineas every time he meets the Vicar and five guineas every time he meets the Squire. Let everyone in Banstead Lane be thankful, says Mr. Dewhurst, that the village is as dead as it is.

SUCH, at any rate, was the position at the time that the row started at the beginning of the year. From depositions since made in practically every house in Banstead Lane it appears that one afternoon Mrs. Dewhurst, the mill-owner's wife, and Miss Dewhurst, the mill-owner's daughter, set off for a walk, taking with them Plato, the mill-owner's dog, a Sealyham of mild appearance but ferocious habits, much addicted to the biting of strangers. It appears, furthermore, that while they were passing the Banstead Hall estate a rabbit had the infernal impudence to leap from the grass in front of Plato's nose and bolt through the hedge into the park; whereupon Plato, uttering shrill cries of defiance, set off in pursuit. The mill-owner's wife and the mill-owner's daughter called and whistled, but they evoked no response from Plato, deep in the delights of chasing game more active than postmen and more sporting than milk-boys. The deep and secretive silence that normally hangs over the park was broken by his excited yapping, and every now and then a pheasant went zooming out of the woods. The expedition returned home one short and awaited events with some trepidation.

The first event was the return that evening of an exhausted but rakish-looking Plato wearing a reminiscent grin that stretched from ear to ear. And the second event was the arrival next morning of a note from Sir Joseph Ingledrop saying that his gamekeeper had orders to shoot all dogs seen poaching in the park and that a small white dog, believed to be the property of Mr. Dewhurst, had narrowly escaped this fate yesterday and would inevit-



DAVID LANGDON



ably meet with it on its next excursion into the park.

So, said Mr. Dewhurst, that was the way they treated you in the country, was it? Well anyway, they knew now. Probably there were man-traps and spring-guns hidden about the park to give visitors a surprise. Probably Sir Joseph sat at his bedroom window with a rifle waiting to take a pot-shot at anyone who called. Banstead, it was felt, was even deeper in the Dark Ages than had previously been suspected. Plato suddenly found to his surprise that he had become the hero of the hour, and Mr. Dewhurst brooded darkly over the insult.

THAT was Part I. of the row. Part II. followed last week, on the day of the final meet of the Banstead Foxhounds, held in Banstead village itself.

Now we in Gampford, as we freely admit, know very little about fox-hunting, but we do at least know enough to understand why it is that the Banstead Hunt so very rarely kills a fox. Sir Joseph, it seems, is an M.F.H. of the old school, and the solemn business of drawing a covert has to be carried out on much the same lines as a cathedral service. The responses have to be intoned in their right order, the horn has to be tootled at the right minute, gates have to be held open, and there has to be all the gallant business of "After you, Sir," and "Make way for the Master, there," and the Master himself probably has to order back the more impulsive members; so that by the time that mighty machine known as the Banstead Hunt finally gets into motion any reasonable fox has probably reached the next county.

But it not infrequently happens that while the service is in progress at the covert-side the hounds get away on their own. And this is what happened on the Saturday in question. They came running down the beck side close to Mr. Dewhurst's garden-wall; two fields behind came the Hunt servants, and two fields behind again came the rest of the Hunt. The remaining parties to the affair consisted of Mr. Dewhurst, prodding about with a hoe in his garden, and the dog Plato, sitting just outside the gate watching the hounds with supercilious interest.

And then as the hounds swept by the eye of four of the stragglers fell upon Plato and his insufferably patronising expression. Plato realised their intentions just in time to scramble to his feet and bolt for his life down the garden path, into the garage and out through the garage window at the back. His four critics, following hard



"Let's put 'Poulet au gratin à la Russe' on the menu—and then cross it out!"

on his heels, were balked only by the narrowness of the window round which they gathered inside the garage, baying threats of murder. And at that point Mr. Dewhurst, recovering from his surprise at seeing his garden-gate cascading with dogs, quietly closed the garage doors on the visitors and went on with his work. The Hunt swept by; peace reigned once more.

And that afternoon Mr. Dewhurst spent a happy hour writing a restrained note to Sir Joseph Ingledrop. Four of Sir Joseph's dogs, he said, had been trespassing in his garden, doing much damage to the flower-beds. He had himself captured the dogs single-handed and would like to know whether Sir Joseph could think of any reason why he shouldn't shoot them. Gampford, it seemed, had scored a resounding triumph over the powers of darkness.

But they're cunning in the country. By all the rules the war should from then on have been conducted on the traditional lines of threatening messages, solicitors' letters and perhaps a court case to wind up. But the enemy adopted other tactics—and, Gampford feels, underhand tactics. That same evening Mr. Dewhurst's house received a state visit from Sir Joseph Ingledrop.

He was, Mrs. Dewhurst explained afterwards, absolutely charming. He said he didn't blame George in the least for shutting up his dogs; he said that he would have done the same himself. And he said that anyway it had given him a good reason for coming and seeing his neighbours, which he had been wanting to do for a long time.

And finally it was arranged that Miss Dewhurst should join the Banstead Hunt next year, the subscription being twenty guineas; and Mrs. Dewhurst is to become a vice-president of the Banstead Flower Show, and if she would care to send five guineas to the funds the committee would probably be very glad of it. And to show that there is no ill-feeling Mr. Dewhurst is going to be allowed to give a cup for the village sports this summer. And as a slight return for handing over his hounds Sir Joseph is going to put the household in touch with his niece, who has some very valuable puppies for sale.

AND so, Mrs. Dewhurst says, the whole affair has ended very happily. But what Mr. Dewhurst says is that his brother in the country doesn't know when he is well off. H. W. M.

## The Seer

"COME in, come in, dear, you're not interrupting me. I'm simply working out a chart. I don't know whether you'd care to hear what's happening in Europe? . . . Yes, dear, of course I know there's the wireless, but after all the wireless can only tell you what *has* taken place, can't it? Do sit down—I'll move the divan behind the *portière*—quite all right, it often goes there when I'm putting up a friend for the night, and I myself camp out quite cosily with a couple of those Indian rugs and some of the sofa-pillows. Yes, dear, there is—heaps of room. I only have to shift the little Benares coffee-table and my beloved Chinese Buddha, and put the bamboo screens across the doorway. The only possible trouble is the pussies—they're so used to sleeping with me, and ever since poor Pasht has had mange she's been so dependent on me. Still, she's very good about curling up in the bath, if I put down an old silk jumper for her. She has a passion for scarlet. I often think it *means* something. Now about this European situation, dear.

"I see that Mars, retrograde, is in square to Saturn. I needn't tell you what *that* means. I'm anxious to find out exactly how the moon was situated when Mr. Chamberlain was born—it might make a good deal of difference to our Foreign policy.

"Naturally with Venus in transit the aspect of things in general is going to be affected, but we also have to reckon with Neptune and the influence of Jupiter's aspect with regard to Mercury. It's simply bound to have an effect one way or the other over at least three countries in Europe, each one of which will certainly be heard of before the year is out. I wonder, dear, if you'd mind opening the door for the pussies? It's very interesting to see how restless they always grow towards sunset. Probably something to do with a former incarnation.

"I remember a dear friend of mine who was so *very* interesting about reincarnation. She had the clearest possible recollection of having ruled over some very ancient civilisation—probably Greece or Egypt, or it might have been Burma—and I remember her telling me that she once met a most distinguished historian—a man who knew everything there was to know about Roman remains—and she simply said to him: 'I can tell *you* more than you can tell *me*, Professor,' and she talked to him for more than an hour, all about Rome under some Emperor—either Diocletian or Pompeii, I think it was—and described everything, right down to the pattern on the drinking-cups. Yet she'd never in her life been to Rome, or even Italy, or read a single word on the subject. It all just welled up out of her subconscious recollections. She was even able to tell him about some special legislation she'd passed, and I believe Mussolini still uses it.

"In her present incarnation, poor dear, she runs a little hat-shop just off the Edgware Road, and I'm afraid it doesn't pay very well.

"The pussies are at the door again, dear, if you wouldn't mind. I don't like to get up myself, because I think something may be going to come through at any moment. You may have noticed that I've put the cards out, and the crystal is on my lap, and if you'd put a few drops of ink into that saucer, dear, and place it in front of me, I often get very good results by concentrating on that.

"Oh, dear, poor old Snowball thinks the saucer is for her! She's getting so blind—don't let her drink the ink, dear. I think there's a drop of milk behind that red vase with the pampas-grass, dear. I should put it in a *different* saucer.

There ought to be one under those copies of *The Hither and Whither Quarterly* . . . I've been meaning to give it a good wash for weeks. No, dear, that's only cheese and banana. It'll keep. I have a dear friend coming to supper who has to be rather particular about diet. She practically lives on black coffee and proteins. One of those Gemini subjects, you know, who can't be too careful.

"Now, dear, about Europe. Would you like the cards, or the crystal, or the ink if Snowball didn't spill it, or just the stars?"  
E. M. D.

## It's Rather Complicated

THOUGH she forgot and acted on impulse and behaved illogically as often as anyone, Mrs. Mohican had a high regard for exactitude of motive in others. Nobody else, she was sure, did anything without good reason. Most strongly did this apply to answering and not answering letters.

The arrival or non-arrival of an unexpected or expected letter bore in her view a significance quite apart from what the letter might or might not say. This, in fact, she saw as utterly irrelevant, like the words used to build up the pale-blue background on a cheque.

"I wonder what it is?" she would say to her husband as the postman went glumly by. "You'd have expected Alice to answer before now, wouldn't you?"

"Don't see why," Mr. Mohican would respond idly.

"I can't think I've *done* anything . . ."

Mrs. Mohican would then set to work and after a little concentration would succeed in remembering some action or word of hers that Alice might have—indeed certainly had—construed as an insult; and she would feel gloomy, conscience-stricken and indignant at such touchiness for an hour or so. Until, in fact, the next post arrived, bringing an affectionate letter from Alice.

Many times Mr. Mohican tried to make his wife see how absurd this was of her.

"Look here," he said once, "you wouldn't do it, would you?"

"Do what?"

"Suppose it was *Alice* who'd made some crack about the colour of *your* curtains or something. Do you mean to tell me you'd get back by not answering her letters?"

"Of course I shouldn't."

"Then why in the name of the G.P.O. should she do it to you?"

Mrs. Mohican's eyes gleamed. "Don't you see any difference between Alice and me?"

He subsided.

The worst occasion was when Helen failed to notice Mrs. Mohican's birthday.

"She's never missed it before, not *once*. Surely it can't be that silly little time when . . . oh, but it couldn't be."

Another post came. No letter from Helen.

"I believe it is," said Mrs. Mohican. "I'd never have *believed* Helen could be so small."

"I always thought she was pretty big, myself," said Mr. Mohican, who had not been listening. "Beside you she looks—Why, damn it all," he brought his mind to bear on what he understood to be the problem, "the woman's enormous! I remember—"

"I mean *small-minded*. But, yes, I really believe that's all it is. Why—! It's perfectly *silly*."

Mr. Mohican sighed. "All right," he said. "Go ahead. I'm ready. What?"



"Toodle-Luma-Luma—Toodle-Luma-Luma—Toodle-i-a."

"Why, it was only that time three weeks ago when I—when she . . . no, it's too absurd, it *can't* be."

On this dubious and unsatisfactory note they retired for the night. Next morning there was still no sign of a letter from Helen.

Mrs. Mohican's mood grew sterner. "It's incredible," she said. "If you'd told me Helen would do such a thing I wouldn't have believed you."

"You tell me she *has* done it and I don't believe *you*. Look," said Mr. Mohican. "What exactly has she done, and how do you know?"

"Why she's deliberately ignored my birthday simply because I accidentally left her name out of my list that I sent to the paper the other week. Why on earth she should *want* to be in that absurd list—"

"But how can you be sure that's why?"

"I *am* sure," Mrs. Mohican declared firmly.

Nothing could be done.

But next day there came a complication: Helen wrote a short letter about some wool, signed "in haste," and without a mention of Mrs. Mohican's birthday.

This put Mrs. Mohican to a great deal of trouble. She could not fathom the significance of it. Plainly Helen must be trying to be offensive, but Mrs. Mohican could not quite see how. When she asked her husband what he thought he begged to be excused. "All this subtlety makes my head swim," he said.

Mrs. Mohican at last decided that Helen's idea was to make her think that she, Helen, had only *forgotten* the birthday after all. What deceit!

"This has opened my eyes to Helen," she said meaningly. "I'm not going to let it make any difference to *me*, but I know what *she'd* do."

Things were in this state of tension when Helen's husband, who has not hitherto appeared in the story, found in a pocket of his winter overcoat (unworn since the day before Mrs. Mohican's birthday) a letter given him by his wife to post. Pencilling on the back "Sorry I forgot this; don't tell Helen.—G.," he posted it without telling Helen himself.

Thus it came about that Mrs. Mohican received Helen's birthday letter almost at the same time as, looking at an old copy of the local paper, she found that she had included Helen's name in her list after all.

Unfortunately by then she had already allowed several posts to go without answering Helen's letter about the wool; which meant (she was sure) that she had mortally offended Helen and started a justified feud from *her* end.

"I don't quite know what to do," she said. "It's rather complicated."

"That's one word," Mr. Mohican agreed.

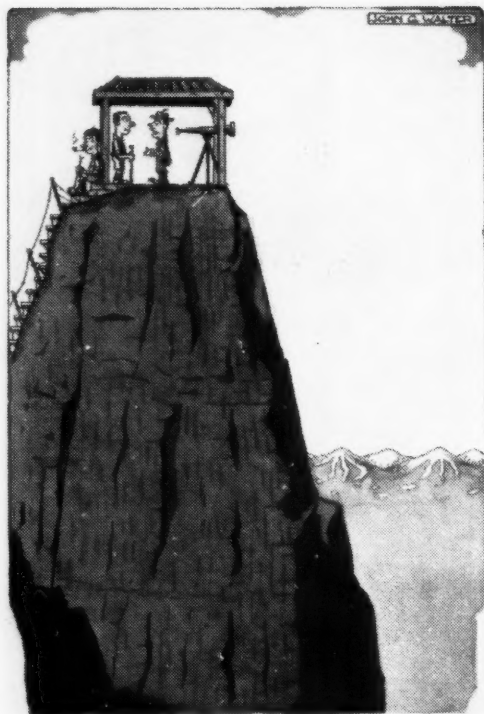
R. M.

#### Top Dressing

"With particular reference to A.R.P. costs, Alderman White said: 'The Government refuses to make it a national charge and we are going to be mulched in that matter.'—*Newcastle Paper*."

"Club members are requested not to drive their cars into the club garage when it is full."—*Notice at Irish Golf Course*.  
No reason is given.





*"I did well here when six separate European countries could be seen from this point; recent events, however, have greatly interfered with my business."*

## Song of the Mad Excursion Train

I AM the scorner of stations and branded in Bradshaw with stars  
Veiling my strange destinations and hinting at restaurant cars.

Man is a reed, loving reason and trusting to table and chart,  
But in vain shall he flourish a Season, for none knows when I depart;

All unavailing the chase is and lost, for I left ere ye came,  
Bound for the perilous places and junctions of desolate name.

Device and desire shall be hollow; ye miss me again as of old,  
A bitter train to follow, a beautiful train to behold.

Lo! I am swift as the wind on the heath or the drops of the dew,

I shall not falter at Swindon nor halt for ten minutes at Crewe.

Yea, I go forth like a giant refreshed to unspeakable toil,  
Winged with a whistle defiant and oiled with invisible oil;  
Porter and platform and siding and sandwich and waiting-room fire

And ticketless persons in hiding shall dance to the sound of the lyre,

The sleeper that sleeps and forgets shall awake at the beat of my wheel,

Machines shall disgorge cigarettes and the strange amaranthine pastille,

Poultry and dogs shall be loosed on the platform and loudly rejoice,  
Pancras shall cry unto Euston and Paddington faint at his voice;  
And the lay of the line and the roll of the stock on the permanent way  
Shall murmur and scream in my soul till it laugh as a satyr at play;  
And I will go forth in my strength as the tea in the buffet is strong  
Till I sleep in my siding at length and the rubbish-heap where I belong.

## The Romance of a Plumber

Lucy's Finishing Touch

DEAR GEORGE,—After last week I realise if there was a university for students of sub rosary Lucy would have as many degrees as a thermometer. It happened like this. Two weeks ago Lucy and me visited Sid in hospital where he had been took after participating in an accident. It seems he started crossing a road and continued crossing and consequentially confused a woman driver who said as Sid was walking she naturally thought him a mere pedestrian and therefore expected him to dither from hither to hither and then dash whence he had come from.

Anyway Sid was knocked down and out and when he came to he thought he was in Heaven as a beautiful girl was smiling at him and saying drink this brandy, but it was only a nurse. Sid said he thinks she could knock spots off the average angel though time alone will tell. It was visitors day when we got there so the ward was agog with cries of grapes again? etc. When we got to Sid he was laying with eyes closed and face very concave. Do you feel bad? I said. He said oooh. I said do you feel you've thrown your last dart and sunk your last pint? He said ooohoooh.

This is very sad Lucy I said, I know people always said if there was nothing to do Sid was the fellow to make a thorough good job of it but even so it seems a pity he is pegging out now the summers coming. Yes Lucy said, theres so many other things to enjoy then besides funerals. Hay ho I said, I suppose they will soon be sending his gold watch to his next of kin, hay ho.

Suddenly Sid sat up and laughed and said I fooled you that time, and both the two patients either side of Sid said what a wonderful sense of humour your friend has, he is a proper card and no mistake. Yes Sid said, Im the joker, har har. Har har Lucy said, icy. Anyway he said, Im now a moneyed man. Pools, punting or pickpocketing? I said. No he said, the insce co gave me 100 pounds for shock although its criminal underpayment as my language when I knew what had happened so amazed me that I can never look myself straight in the eye again, it is terrible to suddenly realise youve been walking round with wicked words in your head all unbeknown.

Also he said, the Dr says if the car had been going only five mph faster I would of been entitled to 500 pounds damages and wouldnt of been able to work again, but of course there is no justice in this world so I suppose I must be thankful for small mishaps. Still he said, while in here Ive been thinking. So they did operate Lucy said, now now dont disturb yourself Sid. Ive been wondering he said, how to increase my little pile so three days ago I put



an advert in the paper viz Distinguished gent with modest capital would welcome advice re how to swell same, reply in confidence Box 1313.

Any luck? I said. Not much he said, one fellow wants me to finance an expedition to Central London as he says he has a chart showing where gold is hidden under a Mr. Normans place, another says advertise that for sixpence you'll send particulars of an amazing way of writing without pen or ink and then reply to applicants saying use a pencil you fool. Also he said, I've had love notes from many females, they send full particulars as to shape size approx age etc although ten of them don't send photos and many others aren't good lookers either, they all offer to make me happy but as they mention marriage their offers do not make sense, their idea is once they get hitched to me they'll make me increase my income willy nilly. Still he said, my sense of humour is unputdownable so I've sent a unstamped p.c. to each one saying meet me next Sat by the town hall at midday wearing a red rose which I will also, they will arrive toot ensemble while I shall be far away and it will be a huge joke and serve them right for inciting me to matrimony, har har. Har har Lucy said, icy.

We resaw him on the Tues and he said since I last saw you I've had a letter from our mutual pal Clarry although he obviously does not know I am me as he calls me his dear Sir, he says re my advert maybe I can help him as a great uncle has left him a fortune to give to good causes and he feels unable to cope with all the doings himself so he suggests we meet next Sat at 11.30 by the town hall. Of course he said, it is the old old confidence trick such as Clarry has been living on for the best part of some time and I see a wonderful chance to pull his leg, I will disguise myself and meet him and he will give me the usual pkt of dud notes and ask me to walk off and recome in ten mins so proving he trusts me and then he will ask me to do likewise with my good money so proving I trust him. I know he never returns his clients cash Sid said, so when he gives me his dud pkt Ill vamoose and he will have to set to and print some more and start looking for another poor sucker, it will be very funny har har. Har har Lucy said, icy.

Well on the Sat he came out of hospital and round to see us at Lucys invite. He wore a false moustache, a monocle from time to time, brown boots and spats, a bowler and a very public school looking tie and said yerse yerse instead of atstraight so he seemed a perfect gent and



"See if you can eat your dinner without a fuss to-day, Penelope."

not himself at all. Listen Sid Lucy said, you'll be coming back here after seeing Clarry so why not leave your cash in my keeping as you never can tell but what Clarry might abstract same, his fingers being lighter than helium. Okay Sid said, catch hold, Ill be right back har har.

Lucy popped out for more beer and I read the paper to see what the dictators wouldnt do next and presently Sid came back laughing like a pack of hyenas and said Clarry was abslootly took in by my disguise and handed me his dud notes and hes still waiting har har. Har har Lucy said, icy. Yes he said, its wonderful to have a sense of humour, on the way back I gave Clarrys notes to all and sundry and said with Herr Hitlers compliments and hes sorry hes been costing you so much, they will not half be wild when they find theyre duds. Thats torn it Lucy said. How so? I said.

Well she said, I thought it time someone fooled Sid for a change so I got Clarry to write him hoping he would try some of his funny business, and this morning I gave Clarry twenty of Sids pounds so that Sid would only be making off with his own cash. When we revived Sid Lucy said well I always said you people with a sense of humour dont know where to stop, I can only suggest you find a motorist willing to knock you down gently and do you 20 pounds worth of shock, well if you must go you must, and you.

Well George that was unfortunately that but last night I saw Clarry himself looking a deep blue. Whats up? I said. Why he said, no sooner had Sid made off with his own cash on Sat than what comes round the corner but a regiment of females all very het up and as soon as they saw me they said thats him, the suchansuch, and chased me up Hill Street and down Dale Street and the one who finally caught me says she will wed me come what may as something abt me inspires confidence, I cannot fathom it but anyway the man who cant run faster than his self proposed bride is past helping. I suppose vanity is at the root of it he said, I was all spruced up to bamboozle Sid and when Lucy handed me Sids packet of ones she made me buy a red rose to wear in my buttonhole, she said it would finish me off.

Well George as I told Lucy, if shes not very careful I shall have to unfortunately liberate her. I hope you are well and am

Your affect. friend

WILLIAM TWISS.

P.S.—I wonder how long ago it was when arms were things you put round people because you loved them. Oh well.



"Before iron was invented, Uncle, what did we do for pins and needles when our feet were asleep?"



*"I must fly—but do come and take pot-luck with us a week on Thursday."*

## Lightships

(AIR: "Bonny Dundee," "Cockles and Mussels," or what you will.)

THE Tongue and the Girdler, the Mouse and the Nore—  
They lead the bold seaman to London's fair shore,  
And it's time that the praises of seamen were sung  
To the Nore and the Girdler, the Mouse and the Tongue.

*A light! A light! O!  
A light! A light! O!  
The Tongue and the Girdler,  
A light! A light! O!*

The life of the ocean holds many a curse,  
But in unpleasant weather few things can be worse  
Than tossing at anchor in sight of the shore,  
As they do in the Girdler, the Mouse and the Nore.

The sailors go by into tempest and dread;  
Their home is astern and the ocean's ahead;  
But each one is thankful he is not among  
The crew of the Girdler, the Mouse or the Tongue.

We sailed out of Rotterdam and into a fog,  
No sailor was happy, not even the dog.  
But high were our hearts when about us there swung  
The embracing, exciting, great arms of the Tongue.

We took Prince's Channel and said, "We're at home;  
Nor never no more over sea will we roam,  
But settle down at Shoebury and buy a fine house,  
With a view of the Nore and the jolly red Mouse."

The Chapman, the Muckings, are welcoming lights,  
The Blyths and the Ovens congenial sights,  
But where is the sailor would set them before  
The first glimpse of the Girdler, the Mouse and the Nore?

So let every mariner that ever was fain  
To come through the storm to old England again  
Toss off a full bumper to Trinity House  
For the Tongue and the Girdler, the Nore and the Mouse!

O blest be their sirens, their bells and their buoys!  
It's true that they make a lugubrious noise,  
But they sound like sweet music on England's fair shore—  
And especially the Girdler, the Tongue and the Nore.

*A light! A light! O!  
A light! A light! O!  
The Tongue and the Girdler,  
A light! A light! O!*

A. P. H.



### THE ANSWER

Herr Hitler. "Take this. We are ready to guarantee peace to everybody for ever—so long as they all of them do everything we like."

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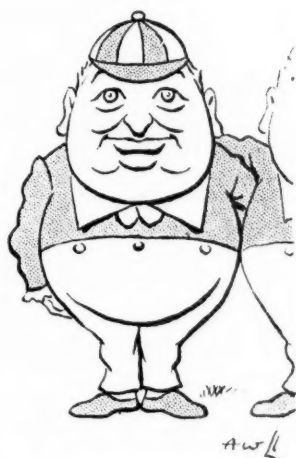
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# Impressions of Parliament

Tuesday, April 18th.—The pent-up curiosity with which the House always meets after a holiday brought to light a mass of assorted information.

Production of the Bren gun is going well. All Regular units at home and



## — AND LIDDALLDEE?

Mr. LIDDALL quoted, with some contempt, a question from a Nursing Council Examination Paper in which candidates were asked to supply the name of the second partner in various famous couples, such as *Tweedledum* and —?

abroad are fully supplied, with the exception of those in India and Burma, which are differently equipped. Mr. HORE-BELISHA told Mr. DAY, who is still asking questions, that we had full rights in these guns and that Dominion factories for them were possibly to be set up.

Mr. MANDER, who loves the rôle of the Defender of Liberty, was quite certain he had unearthed a shocking piece of departmental Fascism when he demanded to be told why the Press had been asked not to release the news that anti-aircraft guns at Malta had been manned, when the information had already got about. Mr. HORE-BELISHA replied that as soon as it was known that the news was out the request was withdrawn. That seemed reasonable.

When Mr. CHAMBERLAIN told the House how much he and the Government welcomed President ROOSEVELT's move, Members of all parties let out a roar of approval which must almost

have been audible across the Atlantic in what the French Press delightfully calls, as if it were some dubious cabaret, *la Maison Blanche*.

Certain changes have already been made in the famous List of Reserved Occupations. If war should come, fustian-cutters, spring-vice men, frost-cog makers and wet-coopers may yet have to fight. But Sir JOHN ANDERSON is not to be hurried. He assured impatient Members that he was revising the list as quickly as he could; and he read out the names of his new Regional Commissioners and their Assistants who will take charge locally of Civil Defence. The House appeared to approve of them, though Mr. SHINWELL affected to shy at the inclusion of a few titles.

The chief interest of the day was a motion tabled by forty-five Members on the Government side of the House (forty-one Conservatives, one National Liberal, one National, and two Independents) urging immediate compulsory mobilisation of the man, munition and money power of the nation; but there was a good debate, refreshingly on a home topic, about the reforms necessary to make nurses' lives more pleasant. Sir FRANCIS FREMANTLE opened it with an excellent speech describing under what heavy disabilities in overwork, underpay and nagging restrictions nurses still laboured. Of subsequent speakers one of the best was Dr. SUMMERSKILL, who thought it idiotic that marriage should close the profession to a nurse;



## THE SOLITARY SINGER

Lord PONSONBY said that he was "out of harmony with the chorus of approval that had greeted the message of the President of the United States."

and Mr. LIDDALL amused the House with an account of intelligence examinations in which nurses had been asked to supply the second halves of well-known partnerships.

Later in the evening Mr. BROWN refused to authorise an inquiry into unemployment. Nothing new was said about it.

Wednesday, April 19th.—In the



## THE DAUNTLESS MOUNTAINEER

Mr. AMERY and a number of other M.P.'s tabled a motion in favour of the compulsory mobilisation of men, munitions and money.

debate on foreign policy in the Upper House President ROOSEVELT's initiative was warmly welcomed by everyone except Lord PONSONBY, that rugged individualist, who held that it would only make the aggressors crosser without bringing us any nearer to a settled peace. He preferred Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's Munich methods, though he did not go so far as to urge that the President should immediately fly the Atlantic. (Piloted by Colonel LINDBERGH, non-stop to Berlin, what a gesture to a naughty world that would be!)

Lord CECIL opened the debate, calling Germany, Italy and Japan international nihilists who yet had the nerve to parade their opposition to Bolshevism, and blaming the Government for not keeping the League alive. Their present policy was all right for an emergency but no use in the long run.

Lord STRABOLGI also felt that this was the moment to bring League machinery into play, and spoke bitterly of the Government's pig-iron policy. Lord LYTTON regretted that we had increased our liabilities without apparently adding to our strength; and Lord



*"Don't you remember me, Professor—Ping-Foo? I was in your class for Practical Astronomy and you set me to counting the stars."*

*"Ah, yes, I recollect—you cheated."*

LOTHIAN begged that before Herr HITLER answered we should declare that we were prepared to go a long way in removing economic barriers.

In reply Lord HALIFAX began by asking the House not to put too much reliance on rumours from Spain. Current negotiations were obviously too delicate to allow him to give the House much information, but he made a fine speech setting out very clearly where this country stood. It was one of the Government's difficulties, he said, that when they offered negotiations they were called weak and when they took active defensive steps they were called aggressive. The suggestion that their aim was "encirclement" was absolutely unfounded. They had undertaken a policy which was onerous, but which they believed would form a nucleus round which peace-loving states might rally. If war came it would only be because people felt there was no other way of defending values more important than life itself.

Our Ambassador is to go back to Berlin at the end of his leave.

## Civilisation

I MUST confess that my motives in going to the week-end camp of the 243rd East London Boy Scouts were low. I went because I was fed up with the international situation, and when one camps with the 243rd East London Boy Scouts life is so hectic that the international situation just ceases to exist. Hitler and his pals seem like absurd figures belonging to another world, and the real things of life, such as getting the porridge exactly the right thickness, become the only things that matter.

I arrived at 5.30, and at 5.31, as I was mopping my brow after the long walk from the station, one of the scouts asked me if I would like to join in a game of cricket. I said that I would. A lie. All the same it was very enjoyable, and I made nine, including one really brilliant late cut that reminded me of Frank Woolley. Then the other side went in, with fifty-nine

to make for victory in a failing light. To think of the international situation in such circumstances was patently impossible. The only use that we could have for Hitler would be to put him on to bowl, because our own bowlers made little headway and forty-eight was on the board for three wickets. Hitler not being present, the captain called on me, and I bowled daisy-cutters. Being very tired, I bowled even more feebly than usual and did the hat-trick. Ecstasy.

Eight down for fifty-four, owing to two small boys sitting on their wickets in quick succession. A boundary four and only one run needed for a tie.

My over again. I bowled something very like a wide, but the batsman ran out and hit it into the hands of first-slip, who happened to be doing up his shoes at the moment and was therefore in an excellent position to take a low ball. My hand slipped in delivering

the next ball, and it turned into a full-pitch which flew over the head of the last man in, a boy about 3½ feet high, and shattered his stumps. I was carried in triumph off the field.

**T**HEN came supper, and I was pressed to cook some of my famous Welsh rarebits. Actually I have only once cooked a successful Welsh rarebit (in '32), but there is a cheery optimism about the 243rd East London Troop, and even when they were faced with the blackened mess that resulted from my present effort they remained cheerful. Mussolini and Hitler seemed farther away than ever. If either of them had happened to come up with a pot of pepper—which we lacked sorely—they would have been welcomed, but otherwise they just did not count.

Then to bed. The important thing now was to find holes for the most protruding of my bones, for in the 243rd we lie with nothing but a thin ground-sheet between ourselves and the cold hard earth. I was just comfortably settled when I saw somebody wheeling a bicycle into the camp. It was the patrol-leader of the Owls.

"Hallo," he said, "I've brought down my wireless-set so that we can hear the news over the week-end. I thought you would like to keep in touch."

"Very kind of you," I said.

The poor boy was quite upset to find that his set wouldn't work next morning. It appeared that one of the valves was missing.

But of course I shall put it back when the camp is over.

### Music Without Tears

**M**Y energetic aunt came in with her usual abruptness and a tray.

"It was a wonderful concert," she said. "We were out by twenty to ten. Adrian Boulton. And the tickets were only three-and-six."

"Really!" I exclaimed. "What time did the half-guinea people get out? Twenty past nine?"

"Don't be silly! We were in time to get the fast train to Surbiton."

"Was there time for any music?" I asked.

"It was the Choral Symphony. Cocoa?"

"No thanks," I said; "I've sworn off. Why not try Beecham?"

"Why Beecham?"

"They say," I explained, "that he gets you through the 'Hallelujah Chorus' before you can say 'Jack Robinson.'"

"That's absurd. No one ever says it."

"No, I was exaggerating," I admitted; "but it must be nice to be tucked up safely in bed after 'The Messiah,' knowing that with any other conductor you'd still be pottering about over the 'Hallelujah Chorus.'"

"I don't believe you have ever heard the 'Hallelujah Chorus.'"

"I have," I protested—"I had it on my gramophone once."

"That's quite another story," said my aunt. "You don't get the right atmosphere that way."

"Meaning Surbiton, or what?" I asked.

"Oh, you're hopeless, my dear boy," she said; "you don't try to enjoy the best music. I think I'll take your uncle up a cup. Oh, but here he is."

My Uncle George came in.

"Hullo, old lady!" he said. "Good concert?"

"Glorious!" she replied. "Guess what time we got out."

"Ten o'clock?"

"No!" she cried. "Twenty to!"

"Good work!" he replied. "Let's have some cocoa."



"Sergeant, heab's an unspecified numbah of very A 1 recruits."

## At the Play

"THE DANCING YEARS"  
(DRURY LANE)

THE story of this play is of the kind which people lying in deck-chairs in August with their hats tilted over their eyes expect to find, stirring illustrated, in their magazines. Perhaps its end is better than that, for this has point and the courage to be unhappy; but most of the situations have been devised to tug with insistence (though not inconveniently) at the heart-strings of a great and lightly palpitating public. There is a novelettishness about them, or, if I may be forgiven for saying so, an Ivor-novelettishness, in the way in which the sentimental and the dramatic are italicised. Spot-lights cling to pretty adolescents clinging in their turn to the beloved boots of grown-up swains believed to have deserted. He-men wearing the old school tie (though of another race) satisfy their shibitions by calling late at night on their ex-mistresses and demanding with immense dignity the return of red velvet dressing-gowns which are enveloping their embarrassed successors. A great love is thwarted, an indifferent marriage preserved, and a good deal of effervescent emotion worked up by the honest goodness in the eyes of a little child.

Mr. NOVELLO does not spare us. He floats his story along on songs with such titles as "The Wings of Sleep," "I Can Give You the Starlight," and "My Dearest Dear." He does not hesitate to dip into the sugar once again. And yet how cleverly he manages it all! The play is put together extraordinarily neatly. For three hours it moves rapidly and surely through more than a dozen scenes. A wide range of scenic effects, ambitious but successful, meets the eye, the ear is soothed by a generous string of melodies which are easy to listen to even if they do not all stick in the memory, there are some charming little ballets, and a masque which is the best thing in the evening runs through the piece like a frieze of social history. The whole production is a solid and well-finished job.

The social history gets sadder as it goes on, for its subject is Vienna, beginning in 1911 and ending just after the Nazi coup of 1938. *Rudi*

(Mr. NOVELLO) is an unknown composer of light and intoxicating airs who is about to be thrown out of the little inn where he stays on the hills above Vienna, and as he has paid nothing for six months this seems



HER LINK WITH THE PAST

*The Modiste* . . . MISS DIANA GARDINER  
*The Roué* . . . MR. FRED HEARNE

reasonable enough. *Grete* (Miss ROMA BEAUMONT), the child of the inn, is his firm friend and in love with him. One morning a famous actress, *Maria Ziegler* (Miss MARY ELLIS), happens to hear him playing to a party of officers, and realising his talent buys a song

for her current operetta. From that moment he is made. *Grete* makes him promise not to marry anyone else without giving her the first refusal; and several years later, when he is the best-known man in Vienna and *Maria* is his mistress, he remains so loyal to this promise that he makes a kind of token proposal to *Grete*. This is overheard and misunderstood by *Maria*, who rushes off and marries a faithful prince; and when, thirteen years later, she and *Rudi* meet again and he urges her to come back to him, she whistles up a large son and *Rudi*, glowing with nobleness, says, No. That might have been the end, but we see *Rudi* eleven years later committing suicide by telling home-truths to the invaders, having arranged for his immense royalties to go to refugees; and in a final ballet we see the world still dancing to his tunes. A fitting comment on the limitations of martial conquest.

The dancing, particularly that of Miss BEAUMONT, is good. It has been arranged by Mr. FREDDIE CARPENTER. The masque is a delightful dumb-show outside a café, in which officers and pension-girls and governesses and waiters and ladies of the town all take part. Delightful, that is, until after the war, and then it is tragic.

For welding this huge piece so accurately together Miss LEONTINE SAGAN deserves high praise. The polish of her production is especially noticeable in the crowd-scenes. The elaborate realism of Mr. JOSEPH KARL's sets suits the piece, and they have a freshness of colour which is attractive. A large Chorus goes through Tyrolese and classic paces with distinction and sings peasant songs as if it meant them.

Needless to add, Miss ELLIS and Mr. NOVELLO give accomplished performances. They are both experts in this line. And the supporting cast is sound. ERIC.

### "A WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE" (KINGSWAY)

I HAVE always been told that a woman's privilege is to change her mind, but the great characteristic of the woman *Lilah Haydon* (Miss PHYLIS CALVERT) in this comedy is her constancy. She is fiercely and resolutely determined to marry somebody rich, and while she has continually to retrace her steps and follow new paths she never wavers



Nonplussed Member of Audience. "HE LOOKS AWFULLY LIKE THE HERO!"

(THE AUTHOR-ACTOR, MR. IVOR NOVELLO, TAKES THE CONDUCTOR'S BATON.)



about the golden goal. The extreme abrupt crudeness of her proceedings, the way she says to various suitors: "How much have you got?" makes a large part of the fun of the evening.

This is not a subtle comedy. If you are looking for a play to which to take a very slow-witted relation, in London for a few days from the country, you can be sure that all the jokes in *A Woman's Privilege* will be understood. The dramatist underlines them, and then the actresses increase the emphasis for good measure.

It is a simple story enough. The mild *Mr. Haydon*, very pleasantly played by Mr. RALPH ROBERTS with a discretion which prevents the part from becoming too much the hackneyed down-trodden father of young and opinionated daughters, is an effaced and irrelevant figure in his own modest home. What principally goes on in that home is bickering and sparring between the sisters—*Lilah*, the man-hunter, and *Anne* (Miss ROSEMARY SCOTT), the quieter and more thoughtful feminist. The slanging matches have vigour without subtlety, and in many places the sisters might just as well be sticking out their tongues at each other.

*Lilah* is an attractive enough vamp in a hurry. It is a triumph for Miss CALVERT that she maintains the charm while having so many impossibly outrageous things to say and do. The three men upon whom the changes are rung are all well studied. There is young *Bill Fergusson* (Mr. JOHN PENROSE), always talking of how much richer he will be when Aunt Harriet has died. That important figure does not appear on the stage, but she does die and she does leave a large fortune, which considerably affects *Lilah's* plans. One of the best touches of observation which the dramatist gives us is *Bill Fergusson's* interest in his work, his indifference to money and failure to realise that there is any particular difference between inheriting about £80,000 and being left an annuity of £150 a year. These differences are very immediate and important to *Lilah*.

We are told rather less about *David Marchmont's* (Mr. JAMES RAGLAN) financial standing,

but we are meant to think it is good. He, however, is an old hand at love-affairs, and can take care of himself and detach himself smoothly and unfeelingly. The pride of the trio and

audience is a successful go-getting citizen of the United States, by origin a Greek, who has changed his name to *Quigly* because when he was an errand-boy that was what everybody in authority over him used to shout. Mr. DOUGLAS STEWART makes him very entertaining, with his immense sentimental conversation. The line of American talk, wholly emancipated from the reticences and restraints common in this country about mother-love and the importance of idolising women, does not perhaps mix with a Greek origin, but we are prepared to take *Mr. Quigly* as a man made anew in the New World, and *Lilah* is ready to take him wherever he comes from, for he is staying at the Ritz and visits the *Haydons* in a Rolls-Royce.

All the cards are put on the table, and if fidelity to life is sacrificed when so many thoughts normally concealed are spoken for all to hear, there is a great gain in the movement and animation of the comedy. Every few minutes an important turn is given to the action, and if the attention wanders for a moment, behold, either *Lilah* has broken an engagement or restarted another one.

The dramatist has affinities with those novelists who depict the whole stream of consciousness and every thought that passes through their characters' heads, and when we have adjusted ourselves to this we see that in its direct way the method makes *Lilah* unfailingly interesting to watch. *Lilah* is a strenuous part, but Miss CALVERT keeps it up unflaggingly all through.

This is a play which will come as a boon to amateur companies later on, because the parts, notably *Lilah* and *Bill* and *James E. Quigly*, are parts in which amateurs will inevitably succeed in winning many laughs, the primary colours being put on with large and vigorous strokes of the brush, and the theme keeping close to the perennial topic, the character of woman.

D. W.



#### IN SEARCH OF QUIET

*Mr. Haydon* . . . . . Mr. RALPH ROBERTS  
*Anne Haydon* . . . . . Miss ROSEMARY SCOTT

the character whose appearance never failed to quicken and warm the whole



#### OFF WITH THE YOUNG LOVE AND ON WITH THE OLD

*Bill Fergusson* . . . . . Mr. JOHN PENROSE  
*Lilah Haydon* . . . . . Miss PHYLLIS CALVERT  
*James E. Quigly* . . . . . Mr. DOUGLAS STEWART

#### Old Hands Make Light Work

"Barmains wanted, one experienced and one working Barmain."  
Advt. in "Flintshire Observer."

## American Slang

A Glossary for Elder Readers

**T**HE way we've been disseminating information about American slang with such a free hand it is surprising that some furious purist or disciplinarian grammarian hasn't had us hauled into Old Bailey and

*Given the book.* Sentenced for every crime in the law-books. This expression is used when a judge gives a prisoner as severe a sentence on as many counts as possible. An alternative way of saying it would be to say that the judge "threw the book at him." All in all we sometimes wonder if the safest thing wouldn't be to hide away somewhere for a time and disguise ourselves by raising a crop of

*Spinach.* Whiskers. In fact it might rather be fun to lurk for awhile behind a

*Hedge.* Beard. It sometimes seems odd, doesn't it, to think that only a few short years ago a man who didn't have a luxurious neatly-clipped hedge running around his spacious well-tended jowls was liable to be considered a trifle

*Swish.* Effeminate. Also a noun (ex.: "So-and-so is a swish"—doubtless you know a So-and-so of that type whose name you can fill in here). *Syn.*: twittertwirl. And now, if you feel sufficiently wised up (infused with learning) concerning swishes, let us leave the subject and hurry on to another just as fast as our old drivers (legs) will carry us. This new subject is an arithmetic problem, and you have ten seconds in which to do it. Ready? If a man has twenty clams and thirty potatoes, how much cabbage does he have? Begin! Wunootheefourfiscsemehniten! Time's up! Answer: The man has fifty smackers' worth of cabbage, because clams and potatoes mean the same as smackers, which means bucks, which means "dollars"; and cabbage in this case means the same as lettuce, which means "money." In view of all these comestibles having monetary significance it is singularly appropriate that when one person mentions having been to an expensive entertainment it is proper for the other person to inquire,

"What's the bite?" "What's the price of admission?" There are a few lucky people of course who seldom have to worry about the bite, because when they go to a show they can get

*Ducats.* Passes (*syn.*: Oakleys, after Annie Oakley, the famous rifle expert; she used to "mark" passes as such by shooting a hole through them, and to-day it is traditional for Oakleys

to have a round hole punched in them). When a person is given a ducat his evening's entertainment is said to be "on the cuff" or "cuffio." "I saw the show cuffio" would mean "I saw the show free." Ducats are lots of fun. It is always pleasant to know someone connected with the show well enough to enable you to wangle a couple out of him (talk him out of a couple; manage to pry him loose from a pair). Some people, to be sure, try to get ducats to shows simply because they—the people—are

*Nickel-nurses.* Misers, tightwads. A miser pinches pennies but nurses nickels. As for dimes and quarters—well, nothing's too good for them. Silk-lined money-bags and all that. One thing which manages to nurse a good many nickels in the course of an average business day is the

*One-armed bandit.* The coin gambling machine, commonly called the "slot machine." It is referred to as a one-armed bandit because it has a long handle which, after the coin is inserted, is pulled down and sets the little dials whirling. The odds against winning on such machines are overwhelming, but that doesn't prevent people from continuing to feed their hard-earned nickels to the one-armed banditti. Kidding on the square (speaking seriously) it is a sad situation, but I suppose there is no use in letting it

*Needle us.* Bother or irritate us. "Looney has been needling Hymie about his new horse-blanket" means that "Looney has been making wittily derogatory remarks to Hymie about his loud new top-coat." "Looney has been putting the hooks to Hymie about his new horse-blanket" is another way of conveying the news about what Looney's been doing to Hymie. Needling is pretty much the same thing as

*Ribbing.* Jest at someone else's expense; baiting somebody. Hymie might, for example, have this to say: "Looney's been ribbing me about my snappy, trim-fitting, tastefully-coloured new top-coat, and if he don't shut up I'm liable to slip him a smack in the puss!" In reply to this Looney would probably riposte as follows: "Aw, the trouble with Hymie is he can't take a little ribbing wit'out getting sorehead. I'd like to see him try to slip me a smack in the puss! Why, I'd pulverise the bum!" Rib is not only a verb, but a noun, and as such has an additional meaning: a rib can be either a verbal jest or a practical joke. But let's get back to Hymie and Looney for a moment. Suppose that Hymie mistakenly considers Looney an easy victim and tries to slip him the

threatened smack in the puss. Looney, however, is in the pink (I saw him only yesterday), and true to his promise he pulverises Hymie and simply spreads him all over the floor. In view of the well-known fact that Hymie has an unfortunate habit of picking unsuitable moments, locales and opponents for his brawls, people will be inclined to say of him, "That's Hymie for you. He always picks the wrong time to

*Get muscles.* To decide he is well-equipped enough physically to settle an issue with brute force. So much for Hymie and Looney, and heaven knows it's more than they deserved. We can part with them without any feeling of loss, for as intellectual companions go the boys are a couple of

*Clinkers.* Total losses. A bad joke is also called a clinker. The term is derived from the clinkers one finds in the furnace, those cinders which cause so much trouble. At least that's what I'm told. Personally I have never tended a coal-furnace, and while I could tell you plenty about oil-burners if you were fool enough to listen, when it comes to coal-burning furnaces I'm

*Strictly from Dixie.* Don't know anything about it. When you say of a stupid person, "There's a guy who's strictly from Dixie," you mean, "There's a guy as don't know nothing from nothing." Also, you might say, "When it comes to French Impressionists of the Nineteenth century, Hymie don't know from Dixie!" meaning he "doesn't know a thing about it." But here, how did Hymie get back in? I thought we'd got rid of him! Scram, Hymie! You too, Looney! And—for that matter—me too!

## Absence

**C**OME back, come back,  
I cannot miss thee more than  
now,

With the clouds amuck  
And a high wind fairin';  
Come, my dear—will ye no' come  
back?

The garage lock's stuck  
And I want a bent hairpin.

"DUCE AND MR. ROOSEVELT  
ITALY'S PEACEFUL OCCUPATION."

The Times.

Occupation of what?



POPULAR MISCONCEPTIONS—A WAGON-LIT TRAIN AT SPEED

### Correspondence Corner

From : 001 Squadron Auxiliary Air Force.

To : Mr. Punch.

Ref. : Your Spring Number.

**D**EAR MR. PUNCH,—We view with approbation the fact that you have offered your services to the nation, selecting as a matter of course and with the wisdom that comes of age the Auxiliary Air Force—an example to be followed by all the younger men, ready and willing, who have seen the cover of your Spring Number (recently published), Price One Shilling.

At the same time we are instructed to direct your attention to certain matters which cannot be allowed to pass without mention:—

- (a) Your aircraft is depicted in a delicate shade of red. Unauthorised painting of aircraft is dealt with in AMO.528(Z).
- (b) Notwithstanding the admirable visibility, you appear to contravene the minimum height of 2,000 feet (over the land) set out in K.R. para. 717.
- (c) You have performed a neat slow-roll over an area of habitation which (if our humble experience

goes for anything) is calculated to provoke Their Airships' indignation.

- (d) Moreover, apparently in an ill-timed access of frivolity, you have broken away from your flight without any competent authority.
- (e) You are (or should be) well familiar with AMO.787(C), reiterated in circular letter of 1924, 423, which clarifies beyond doubt the position that the carrying of live-stock in service aircraft is the subject of an absolute prohibition—the particulars of your offence being that, instead of an airman qualified to use a gun, you did carry in your back seat Dogs, Toby, Punch for the use of, One.

Nevertheless, it being apparent that your zeal for the defence of the nation is not unmingled with a certain contempt for regulation, and that your flying is performed (in part at least) for fun, we hope you will accept honorary membership of the Senior Squadron—O-O-One.



## Swans

"THERE's little doubt about it," said Alfred the Magician, thumbing the leaves of his huge tome restlessly, "the situation's darned awkward."

"What's the rub, Alf?" inquired Simon the Snoddler, who had popped in to consult his friend as to whether the red rust appearing on his earlies might be regarded as a bad omen.

Alfred stroked his long white beard. "It's about the King's daughters. You remember—or perhaps you don't—that his Majesty was so alarmed at the size of their millinery bills that he

ordered me to change the whole seven into swans for twenty-five years."

"Oh, ah," recalled Simon.

"And they're due for a change back to-day," Alf informed him.

"Forgotten how to work it?" inquired Simon.

"It's not that," said Alf. "It's the problems arising out of it. If the girls had only had the sense to remain single——"

"Oh, ah," nodded Simon. "I expect there are one or two cygnets by now to be considered."

"Just a few," said Alfred cautiously.

"The question is whether to include them in the change back."

Simon the Snoddler reflected. "Make

a decent job while you're about it, Alf," he advised. "Swans are liable to cut up rough if robbed of their young."

BACK in his palace King Simplicemess glanced from calendar to clock. "I hope they will have learned their lesson," he mused, "but at the first hint of undue extravagance——"

"Your royal daughters have returned, Sire," announced the Chamberlain in awe-struck tones.

Through the high arched doorway seven stately Princesses filed, looking scarcely a day older. Behind them came a seemingly endless procession of young men and women and children of all ages until the spacious hall was crowded to capacity. "Ryanna!" gasped the King to his eldest daughter.

"Whatever does this mean?"

"We've been swans for a quarter-of-a-century, Father," returned the Princess Ryanna. "Now I ask you!"

"There are hundreds more awaiting admission, Sire," said the Chamberlain in a scandalised voice. "They've had swans, grandswans and great-grandswans down to goodness knows how many generations. Whatever shall we do about it?"

King Simplicemess sighed. "Give them tea, Chamberlain, and send for the registrar. We've got to get their entry—er—legalised you know. And—aw—Chamberlain."

"Yes, Sire?"

"Slip out and get me a bottle of King's Nerve Strengtheners—largest size. This is rather sudden."

IT certainly was a business. "This question of dates, Sire," said the Chief Registrar, stroking his nose with his quill, "is going to be most awkward. To-day's date will make them less than a day old, which is absurd in the case of the fully-grown. Furthermore, it means that those who have in turn become parents will be the same age as their children—which is equally absurd."

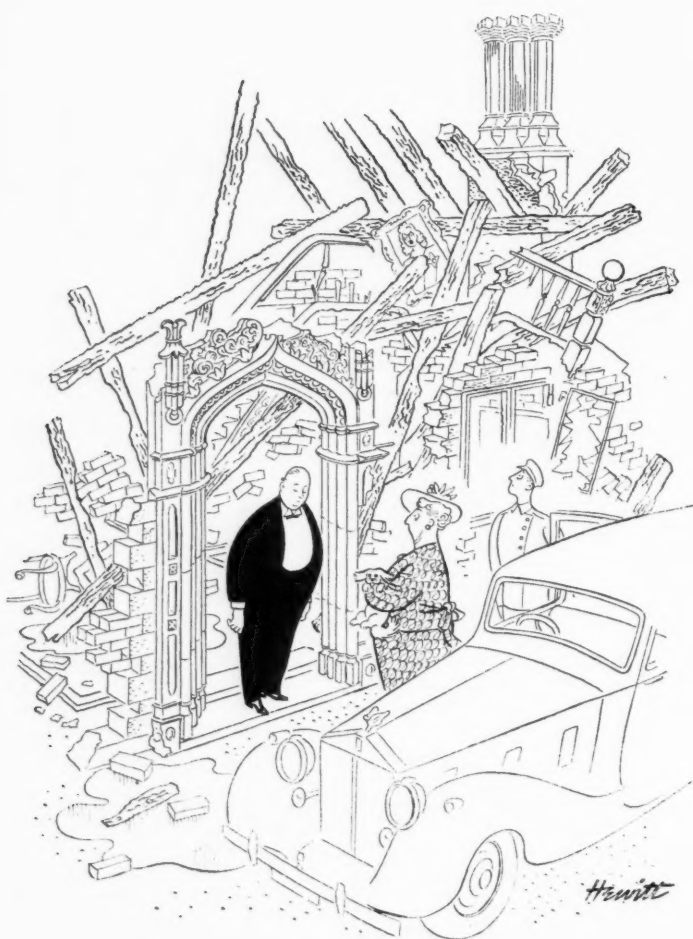
"Don't they know their own dates—approximately?" asked Simplicemess. "Here, how old are you now, Son?"

"Four - and - a - half, Grampy," responded the nearest Prince, a tall young man who would have passed as five-and-twenty."

"Four-and-a-half!" roared the King. "Then why on earth didn't Alfred change you to a child?"

"Well you see, Grampy," explained the Prince, "I've a little brood of sixteen of my own, and it wouldn't have looked dignified, would it now? After all a family man has his pride."

"Back-date them according to the age you think they look," his Majesty



"Several gentlemen from the Fire Brigade called, Madam, but they wouldn't leave their names."





"How are you getting on with your driving-lessons?"

"My dear, splendidly! Do you know I can reverse without looking behind me."

hurriedly ordered the registrar. "Any other points?"

"Well, there's the question of names. Sixty per cent. are called 'Cyggy.'"

"Number them," suggested Simplicious. "Cyggy the First, Cyggy the Second and so on."

"There's a dispute as to who is the first, Sire. The ten sons of Princess Ryanna are in the next room scrapping like fighting-cocks over it."

The King whistled. "Going to make things awkward over the question of ultimate heir to the throne, isn't it?"

"It is," said the registrar grimly.

"I'd better see Ryanna about it," frowned Simplicious. "Where is she, Chamberlain?"

"Your Majesty," murmured the Chamberlain, "it takes more than twenty-five years to change a girl's love for hats. She is at the milliners with her sisters. I don't know how long the royal exchequer will be able to stand the strain of this little—er—enlargement of your august family circle, but speaking as a father and grandfather myself, I—"

"Oh, go and boil your head!" shouted his Majesty viciously.

THE sun was setting when a figure crept wearily to the cave of Alfred the Magician. "In anticipation of a visit from you, Sire," said Alfred hastily, "I have the necessary spells ready. Is it your wish that I change the whole company back again to swans?"

King Simplicious passed one hand over his forehead, then dropped into a chair. "Keep them as they are," he ordered. "Change me into one."



JACK INGALLS

"No, we 'aven't got no engine-room telegraph; I shouts down at you and you shouts back to me—respectful like."

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Marshal of Poland

IN writing of Poland, remarks Mr. W. J. REDDAWAY in his preface to *Marshal Pilsudski* (ROUTLEDGE, 15/-), an Englishman is handicapped at every turn. He is treating of Slavs, a race whose mentality is not easily comprehended by the Western European, whose nomenclature he cannot but regard as grotesque. What serious people could employ so many consonants in the name of a town, so few vowels? None the less, our gallant author has produced here a handsome volume on the founder of modern Poland, who left behind him so strong an impression of his forceful personality that shortly after his death four years ago the Polish parliament made liability to five years' imprisonment the penalty for belittling his name. JOSEPH PILSUDSKI had won through to this eminence after a sufficiently chequered career. In 1887, at twenty years of age, he was one of a mutinous party journeying slowly from St. Petersburg to Kirensk in Siberia. On his return, after five years in exile, he spent sixteen years conspiring against the government of the Tsar, robbing mail-trains to secure funds for the purpose. The outbreak of the Great War found him independently invading Russia with three companies of riflemen, one of which was equipped with modern weapons. This was the starting-point of the Polish army, which by 1919 had grown to more than 100,000 strong. In the meanwhile its

founder and commander had been carried off, with his Chief of Staff, to imprisonment in a German fortress, having refused after the Russian revolution to take an oath to obey the German Emperor as Commander-in-Chief. On the eve of the Armistice he was set free. In little more than two years he had driven LENIN's armies out of Poland and furnished his country with a constitution. A Napoleonic figure, whose career is of more than topical interest.

#### L.C.C.

Probably very few people really much mind having to pay rates and taxes provided they are sure they get value for their money. In the *History of the London County Council, 1889-1939* (MACMILLAN, 21/-), one may trace how scores of millions of public funds have been spent on adequate drainage, modern hospitals, beautiful schools, healthy dwellings, clean spaces and a thousand other realised ideals so that London might be turned in fifty years from the tangle of sprawling alleys that roused COBBETT's abhorrence to the happy city of to-day. This jubilee volume by Sir GWILYM GIBBON and Mr. R. W. BELL, illustrated principally from *Punch*, and important not only as a work of statistical reference and as a manual of council procedure, but even more as a chapter of national life-history, is a heartening record of progress from the time when the work-gangs of rival water companies did battle with pick and shovel for possession of disputed streets and more than three hundred governing bodies controlled London's destinies. To-day, with the grinding forward of the great engine, the last of the slums are being plucked out one by one and the Green Belt nears completion. Sixty million official forms become five hundred tons of waste paper yearly in the turning of the wheels.

#### Poet and Profit

MESSRS. IVOR BROWN and GEORGE FEARON have achieved what might have been thought to be the impossible. They have found something new to say, and quite well worth saying, about SHAKESPEARE. The novelty lies in the angle of approach. *Amazing Monument* (HEINEMANN, 10/6) is an examination and a plausible explanation of the curious phenomenon that a nation which, as these authors aver, produces poets but does not read them, and generally speaking prefers bad plays to good, has by common consent



"Wait for the traffic lights, Aloysius."

elected a man who was at once a supreme poet and a supreme dramatist to be its Public Character No. 1. It is also largely the tale of a town, of the transformation of Stratford-upon-Avon, through the development of the Shakespeare industry, from agricultural obscurity into one of the brightest stars in the constellation of *tourisme*. The book is excellent entertainment. When they have to deal with the seamier side of the industry, the unlimited lie-ability of some of its promoters, the fakers of relics (from that inexhaustible mulberry-tree, for example) and so on, the authors are amiably sardonic. But they give honour where honour is due, from GARRICK with his famous Jubilee to BENSON and the FLOWERS of the Forest of Arden, who have so devotedly served the reputation of the national Bard with the profits of the national brew. If they are conscientious in debunking, the conclusion of their matter is an eloquent advertisement for the Festival.

#### Alms and the Woman

It's well that all of those whose lot  
Depends on touching tender hearts  
With trumped-up tales of woe are not  
Endowed with such persuasive arts  
As those with which Miss STERN  
equips  
The expert at the begging call,  
With pleading mien and lying lips,  
Drawn in *The Woman in the Hall*.

We're told how she contrives to fill  
The purse that meets her current  
need,  
Urged rather by the gambler's thrill  
Than by the money-maker's greed;  
We're shown how calmly she can see  
The outcome of some wily hit  
Which wrecks a victim's life while she  
Smilingly gets away with it.

Blandly triumphant to the end,  
Her story (CASSELL) makes its way  
In episodes which deftly blend  
Insight with humour, shrewd yet gay;  
And if the films may still allow  
Space for the captivating crook,  
Here's one to hand, but anyhow  
She makes a quite delightful book.

#### The Little Victims Work

The most fascinating aspect of a fascinating book is the verdict insinuated by *The English Miss, To-day and Yesterday* (HARRAP, 10/6) that in matters of feminine education we seem to be reverting to the best efforts of the Victorians. Their "delicate balance of freedom and restriction, of community-life and solitude" will perhaps be the more appreciated for being so long misprized; and



#### THE RULING PASSION

*First Examiner.* "O CUCKOO, SHALL I CALL THEE BIRD,  
OR BUT A WANDERING VOICE?"

*Second Examiner.* "STATE THE ALTERNATIVE PREFERRED,  
WITH REASONS FOR YOUR CHOICE."

F. H. Townsend, April 29th, 1908

the uniquely feminine gift for diffusing powers without wasting them—a gift extolled by admirers as diverse as Mrs. GASKELL and G. K. CHESTERTON—may yet find a



domestic field for its highest (and most entertaining) expression. Not that Miss ALICIA C. PERCIVAL professes to answer the question "For what are we educating our girls?" She has at least one major disqualification for doing so: a bias against religious training which crops up in her most open-minded chapters and renders the one on denominational schools a predestined disappointment. But in showing how the question has been answered for the last hundred years—during which the family has ceded to the community much that it is now beginning to reclaim—she has produced a stimulating chart for educational pioneers and a delightful challenge to the alerter and more adventurous parent.

### Queen, Pawn and Bishop

A compact style, a spritely and cynical manner (with an undercurrent of tenderness) and a discerning fashion of marshalling evidence in due order and proportion help Mr. J. D. CHAMIER to make far more than a mere piece of historical mystery-mongering of *The Dubious Tale of the Diamond Necklace* (ARNOLD, 12/6). The more commonly and authoritatively accepted verdict on this celebrated scandal—which chiefly involved MARIE ANTOINETTE, Cardinal DE ROHAN, a bastard Valois adventuress and the sixty-four-thousand-pound necklace of a couple of Parisian jewellers—acquits the Queen, stigmatises the ecclesiastic as a gullible fool and lays the main onus of the whole affair on the subsequently flogged and branded shoulders of the obviously unprincipled JEANNE DE LA MOTTE. It would not be fair, you feel, to give away Mr. CHAMIER's very different and extremely plausible reading. The most distinguished aspects of what is in any case an excellent thriller are its fresh psychological handling of the three principals, its skill in bringing out the mutual repercussions of their lighthearted follies and the revolutionary attitude of the Paris mob, and the exceptionally careful presentation of the trial of the Cardinal and his "accomplices" by Parlement.

### Heart of Oak

Admiral Sir LEWIS BAYLY was not only a great sailor but a diplomatist of the highest standard. His niece has edited his memoirs, *Pull Together!* (HARRAP, 15/-), and done the work well. He joined the Navy in 1872 and from that date worked furiously on his own education (and, as he rose in rank, on that of others). He prides himself in his notes on his insistence on the strictest obedience to his

orders, such as (out of kindness to the crews) that no boats from his squadron were to be away during meal-hours; he did not foresee the natural result—boat-crews unable to get back to their ships in time had private orders to remain ashore with no dinners. However, he will be best remembered as the Commander-in-Chief at Queenstown from 1916 onwards. The loss of the *Formidable* had kept him out of active warfare for some time; he says little about this unhappy incident. He became the idol of the U.S. Navy; the harder he worked his Allied officers the more they admired him. No Englishman has done more for Anglo-U.S. trust and friendship. It is to be hoped that our Navy will never be short of such loyal and skilled servants.

### Speculation

Mr. JOHN RHODE'S *Superintendent Hanslet* is almost inactive in *Death Pays a Dividend* (COLLINS, 7/6), but *Inspector Jimmy Waghorn* is fully employed, and at one time encounters the "grave disapproval" of our old friend *Doctor Priestley*. Waghorn on this occasion was up against a financier and company-promoter whose standard of rectitude was not conspicuously high, and the murder of this man's model secretary looked like finding a place among undiscovered crimes until *Priestley* became interested in it. Followers of Mr. RHODE'S mystery novels will not need to be told how much useful help was given to the floundering policeman. Following the fashion of fiction's sleuths, *Waghorn*, for no obvious reason except that the lady was an excellent cook, winds up this case by becoming engaged to be married.

### Family Feuds

In *The Simple Way of Poison* Mr. LESLIE FORD showed an appreciation of life's funny side, but *Three Bright Pebbles* (COLLINS, 7/6) runs such a rapid and hectic course that no opportunity occurs for the faintest display of humour. Staged in Maryland and containing queer characters ably drawn, this story provides ample entertainment for those who do not object to coincidence but at the same time demand that their sensational novels shall remain within the bounds of probability. Tragic and terrible happenings took place in the opulent *Winthrop* household, and always at the back of them was the everlastingly selfish mother of the clan. Indeed *Irene Winthrop* is so remarkable that she takes high rank among fiction's unforgettable matriarchs. "Love, hate, revenge, gain, fear" are, we are told, the main reasons why people murder and are murdered. In making your selection from this quintet you will find no great difficulty in choosing the winner.



"... and all I remember is that everything went blank."

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